Lay Down Your Weary Tune Again

Steve Forbert

In spite of you, you like yourself
An' that's alright with me
It gets so lonesome fillin' space
An' someone must believeErase them golden memories
An' blow the candlesout
Let's get on off away somewhere
An' see what we're aboutLay down your weary tune again
And the rest your head on me
Your phone call says you're sorry
An' the grapevine says you're freeYour drugstore daddy's flesh an' blood
Like Marilyn Monroe
An' out there on the runway now
The king's all set to goThey'll cover up the window soon
'Cause he'll be rollin' in
He's Elvis Presley, honey Chile
An' I can't cop his grinLay down your weary tune again
And the rest your head on me
Your phone call says you're sorry
An' the grapevine says you're freeThe missionary paid my way
An' put me off to sleep
I woke up early yesterday
An' found a place to eatI got it down an' felt relieved
An' Jane went off to work
It's wooden soldier's Christmas time
An' Jane she is a clerkLay down your weary tune again
And the rest your head on me
Your phone call says you're sorry
An' the grapevine says you're freeIn spite of you, you like yourself
An' I admire you much
I'm out to give this back in sync
'Cause we've been so out of touchJust meet me next to Noah's ark
An' let's get out of town
There's got to be someplace somewhere
These rain clouds haven't foundLay down your weary tune again
And baby rest your head on me
Your phone call says you're sorry
An' the grapevine says you're freeLay down your weary tune again
And baby rest your head on me
Phone call sorry

Grapevine free

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